

INTRODUCTION

This book is about a young woman and her story of her first husband, many of us go through things in life and no one ever knows about it.

Sara tells her story of the good times and the bad and how she survived it all. The tears the laughter and how she grew as a woman because of her experiences.

Sara and her friends decided to have me write this book about each one of their lives and loves.

We know you will enjoy this book and even may relate to some of the things that happened to you through Sara.

It all began one cold winter's night when I went for a walk and ended up in the quaint little restaurant. I loved walking in the snow and tonight was very cold. The stars were shining and little snowflakes were making their way down to earth. What a night for a lovely walk.

The streets were busy and yet the look on everyone's face as they passed me by made me feel welcome. I guess we all had the same feeling that night, love seemed to be in the air.

I stopped into get warm and the restaurant was such a lovely place, there was music, a live band was playing and many were just sitting around drinking coffee and listening to the music. I sat at this little round table with a flower in the center and ordered a coffee. The lights were turned down low and I loved the atmosphere of the place.

It didn't take long for me to look around at the different couples who were there and to my left I saw this man sitting alone. I quickly turned my head as I didn't want him to see me looking, but what caught my attention was that he had a dog with him. I noticed that his leg had a cast and I started to get curious about what happened to him. Once again I glanced his way and he caught me and smiled back. Oh No ! I thought what have I done and then I hear his voice asking if he could buy me a coffee. My heart started to pitter patter and I said yes. We ended up moving our chairs a little closer to each other and talking. He had a beautiful dog and he went on to explain to me that he had hurt his ankle and damaged his tendons and had to wear a cast for a few months.

As the evening went on we ended up at the same table and talked and laughed about so many things. I was so intrigued with this man and we just seemed to connect very quickly.

I sat there talking with him and yet all the time wondering if it was by chance that we had met or was it fate or did God allow this to happen to me. I really wasn't sure but didn't care much at that moment because we were having so much fun.

We said our goodnights and exchanged phone numbers. I hated to leave but knew that it was the right thing to do. All the next day I waited for the

phone to ring and it did. He was so sweet and talked so kind, my heart melted and when he asked me out for supper that night I accepted.

He came and picked me up and off we went to this nice restaurant. Another great night and I found myself wanting more.

My life up to this point hadn't been to happy and I really hadn't been in very many good relationships so to meet a man who was so nice and kind it really swooped me off my feet and I felt like maybe this was the man of my dreams. I loved animals too and that added to my positive thoughts about him. I loved his smile, his whole face lit up when he smiled and he had a little mustache and beard which framed his smile. My heart was melting the more I sat with him.

Now you may think that I was rushing things in my mind, but it just seemed so perfect to me, something like a romance novel you would read about, where prince charming would come and sweep the princess off her feet and carry her away on his horse into the sunset. That is what it was like for me that night.

We talked a lot again and I learned a little about him, he had family problems with his dad and yet had a loving mother who was always there for him. He had a daughter by a woman in another state but when the baby, a little girl was born, both the girl and him had taken her and given her up for adoption. That bothered me a little but then he said that the girl was on drugs and he wasn't doing much better and they both decided that the child would be better off in a good home which they couldn't provide at that time. He then had moved on with his life. He did carry a picture of his little girl who was so beautiful, she had that same smile as him and as we talked I could see the hurt in his eyes as he talked about her and how they had visited her for a few months before her adoption had become final.

My heart was now getting involved with this man as I started to see a man who loved his child and yet for some reason didn't keep her. I never asked much more as I didn't want to pry into his life and he seemed willingly enough to talk to me about things without me asking.

That night after dinner we went back to his place and had a coffee, his apartment was small but met all his needs and as he explained with his injury he couldn't work and when things got better he would definitely be moving to a bigger place. That night I stayed there with him, giving myself to this man that I had only met a few times. Was I doing right? Was I doing wrong? My mind was in a turmoil as I lay beside him as he slept. I had given the one thing that was precious to me, myself, my heart and yet I wondered if things would now change.

I had been raised in a good Christian home and yet many times I felt that I never could be as good as others were around me. My life up to this point wasn't the greatest and that was because of another man who had stolen my heart and smashed it into many pieces, but now here I was again in the arms of a man who had taken my heart. Rolling over away from him I wondered what would happen the next day. Had he lost respect for me or would we still be as close as what I thought we were. Only tomorrow would tell and I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

THE MORNING AFTER

The next morning came and the sun was shining so bright, but inside my heart was panting. Would he tell me to leave or would he ask me to stay.

He awoke with a big smile on his face and asked if I would like some breakfast and he got up and started to get out the frying pan to make us some bacon and eggs. My heart slowed down a little as I could see that he was happy that I was there. Over breakfast we chatted and laughed at things just like the night before and more and more I was getting closer to a man I had just met.

He asked me over breakfast to move in with him. I had been raised not to do that and yet had made many mistakes in my past and wasn't living a good Christian life like I was raised too. He had asked me at a time too when I had given notice at my apartment and was getting ready to move back to the City where I was raised. I agreed and we left that afternoon to get all my belongings. Things were happening fast but I was happy and that seemed to be all that mattered to me at that time. He was handsome, had a great personality and we got along real good together. We could laugh and joke about a lot of things and we both loved dogs, what more could a woman ask for? There was lots more but at that time I didn't see it.

That day was so busy as I packed my things and we loaded them into the car, he lived three floors up so it was tiring to carry all my boxes up those stairs. When we had finished the move, he told me to sit and relax and he would cook supper for me. I was glad as I really was tired. I remember looking around as we were eating and seeing all my things in boxes stacked all over his apartment, my work was cut out for me for the next few days to go through my things and find a spot for them. Some had to stay in boxes because there just wasn't any room at his place.

FINDING A JOB

Our life was going good and for two weeks now we had lived together laughing, and having a great time. We talked a lot about our future and what we would like to see happen. Being young and full of life and this freedom that I now felt I was ready for anything and so was he. We decided that I would find a job and as soon as he got the ok from the Dr. he would too. His appointment was in a few days and they were going to remove the cast and I found a real good job at International Harvester a company where I was secretary to 12 men. Pay was good and we both seemed to be getting on our feet and doing the right thing, but were we? He went to the Dr. and got the OK to work and the same day he found a job. We were so excited, that night we went out for a special dinner again and talked about our future and how blessed we were to both find work so fast. Who did we have to thank for all of this? Well, we did thank God in a way for helping us find a job, see I had been sitting in church and praying for work when a man behind me tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I was in need of work, I nodded yes and he gave me his card and told me to come to International Harvester the next morning and I would get hired, so I figured God had something to do with it.

Life can be so strange and we think many times that God has something to do with our life and yet we are not even serving Him. Back then I always prayed and thanked God for taking care of me and I believe my mom's prayers were being answered for her that God would take care of me, but for me I couldn't see the whole picture. As time went on I found out though that everything is not what it seems.

THE PHONE CALL

Three weeks had now passed and we started looking for a new place to live.

We found this really nice place which was close to all the stores that we needed and we moved in. I decided that I should call my mom as it had been three weeks that I hadn't talked with her and I knew she would be wondering how I was doing. I didn't have a cell phone or even a house phone as we had just moved into our new apartment so I went to a payphone that I saw on the corner of our street. We were two houses from the corner so this was great too as I knew I could use the phone and didn't have to go too far.

My life was good now I thought and I was looking forward to telling mom all about my new boyfriend, my live in boyfriend. Mom answered the phone and was so happy to hear from me, she started to tell me all about what was going on in the family and asked how I was. I told her I was great and then she interrupted me and told me that my old boyfriend was looking for me. Now mom didn't know that this old boyfriend used to beat me all the time as I had never told anyone this. She said that he wanted to find me and that he was real sick and he wanted to go back with me. My heart started to beat real heavy and I could feel fear enter me, just like it used to do many months ago. What would I do? How could I tell her what had happened in the past? What should I say to get this old boyfriend away from looking for me? Well, I decided to tell my mom that I had met this wonderful man and married him two weeks after we met. There was silence at the other end of the phone and honestly I was scared to hear what was to be said next. Mom I guess had taken a deep breath and then said to me "Sara, this has happened so fast, why?". Telling her how it all happened was some truth and some lies, I certainly wasn't married to this man and didn't even want to be married but I knew I had to tell her something that she would repeat to the man who had beat me for so many years before. I lived in fear for so many years and I didn't want to go back into that lifestyle anymore and now I was happy, really happy. My job was new, my relationship was new and this new apartment was great, my life

was finally turning around and I didn't want an old boyfriend coming and ruining my life like he had done so many times in the past. I was moving forward so a lie made it ok, or did it?

Mom seemed as we talked to mellow a little and accept this fact that I had married. I know she was shocked at the news and probably her and my dad had always talked of the day their daughter would walk down the aisle and say I DO. Their dreams of that for me got shattered that day and I realize it now but back then I had to take care of me and I felt that this was the only way to do it. Mom and I said our goodbyes and I promised to call her soon again, and her parting words were that she wanted to come and meet this new husband of mine. I hung up the phone that night and was truly sick inside, I had never lied in my life to my mom or dad and here I was doing just that, but it was done and I certainly couldn't take it back now.

MOM'S VISIT

Another week went by and when I called mom she said she had spoken with my old boyfriend and he had moved on, she said he was heartbroken at the news and even stood and cried in front of her but those words didn't do anything to me, all it did was make me feel good inside for all the many times he beat me and I sat and cried and he laughed at my black eyes and tears. I was happy that he was hurting now instead of it being me and then mom popped the question. "When do you want me to visit?" Wow, that came out of her mouth pretty quick and actually floored me a little. I answered though with whenever you want to come mom, that would be great. The next weekend mom showed up with her little suitcase as she was staying for the weekend. It was nice to see her after all this time and she was a wonderful mother to me and I knew this visit would put her at ease and she would go back and tell dad that I was doing fine and I had this wonderful husband did I?

She like my boyfriend a lot and I told him ahead of time to be sure and not get into the conversation of our marriage. That was one area I was going to avoid at any cost.

After arriving she went down to this phone booth to call dad to tell him she had arrived. See, we still hadn't gotten a phone yet for some reason they were taking their time in putting one in. Her face was priceless when she returned to the apartment. She said that about three cars pulled up asking her if she would like to go somewhere with them and how much? She didn't understand it and neither did we until a few weeks later we learned from someone else in the apartment building that that was where the prostitutes stood, right at the phone booth. Poor mom when I told her they thought she was a prostitute, she was shocked and then laughed at the thought of men thinking she would be that. She was a woman who had served the Lord her whole life, helping wherever she could but certainly never turning to a wild lifestyle such as that. We laughed for years after that about that phone booth.

Mom had a great visit and we both spoiled her so much, I wanted to make her trip a good one and put her mind at ease about my situation. I knew when she boarded the bus that day to go home she as happy and settled and that made me happy too.

MY VISIT HOME

It was a short time later I called mom to make sure she had made it home safe, she assured me she had and then proceeded to tell me that dad wanted to meet my husband. Oh no, here it was again my lie was enlarging right in front of me and what was I going to say. I loved my dad so much, he was a great guy and the best dad anyone one could ever hope for, now I would have to stand in front of him and lie once again about this man I had only known a few months. I told mom we would be visiting in a few months, I guess I was hoping that they would forget about the marriage or something but it gave me time to work things out or so I thought.

Well, time had come and we were on our way to visit mom and dad, truthfully I wasn't looking forward to it even though I missed them so much. Dave and I were getting along great and were still very happy and yet because of my lie and living arrangement with him it made me so uncomfortable.

We arrived and mom met me at the door and welcomed Dave in as if he had always been a member of the family. Smiling came easy for me and that is just what I did. We carried our bags up to our room with the big double bed and inside my heart was sick, really sick. Here I was pretending to be married to a man that I wasn't and here was my family happy about the fact that I was settled down and it was all a deception. How could I have done this and why wasn't I strong enough to just tell the truth? I really didn't understand it all. I had done this because of fear of another man and yet I was hurting so many people in the long run, but I kept up the lie and deception thinking it was Friday night and I would be leaving Sunday morning early and then it would be ok again.

All went great and we had a wonderful time, we laughed with mom and dad and dad even liked David too, things were working out real good. UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT... what a night I will never forget this one.

I was raised to go to church and many of the church people had been told by my mom of what had happened to me. That Saturday night mom asked

if I would come down to the church and help her and a few old ladies set up some tables for Sunday. I bluntly said “NO”, mom finally left and I was relieved, but it wasn’t long before the phone rang it was my mom asking me and my new husband David to come down as there was only her and another old lady who had to set up all these tables. Well, my heart went out to mom that night and I said to David that we better go help mom out. We quickly got ready and left telling my dad that we wouldn’t be too long before we got back.

As we entered the church I heard a few more than mom talking and the closer we got to the recreation hall it hit me that something was going on. I opened the door and here stood the whole church, at least 40 members all smiling and clapping their hands.

IT WAS A WEDDING SHOWER FOR ME and DAVID!

I quickly grabbed David by the arm and whispered in his ear, please don’t tell them the truth, just say if you get asked the date January 27th, that was the day that I had told mom on the phone a few months before. What a mess I was in but he agreed to go along with it.

That night was one of the worst nights of my life, the cake was about two feet long with Congratulations written on it and another table was full of beautifully wrapped gifts for David and me. What had I done? One little lie had turned into a disaster and here I stood looking into the faces of all these dear little old ladies trying to look happy.

After we played a few games as the usual at a party, then I was asked to give a speech. I had made up my mind that I was going to tell the truth and that I was sorry for it. I got up and stood behind the table with the gifts and cake and looked at all these happy faces, especially my mom’s face and guess what? You are right, I couldn’t say a word except “THANK YOU”. I thanked everyone over and over and told them they shouldn’t have gone to such expense and that we both really appreciated it.

Sitting down beside David made me sick inside and here I was going all through the motions of being happy, smiling and yet inside I was the unhappiest person alive and thinking once again about what I was going to

do. I couldn't wait to get home to my own apartment and forget this weekend ever existed. I wanted to run as fast as I could but I had made my bed and had to lie in as my dad used to say to me for many years growing up.

Now to everyone I was a married woman to a man I had only known a few months and living a lie. What had I done to my life and why had I done it this way. Was it fear from my past that caused this to happen or was it just me that thought I was in love and that it was meant to be. Hopefully no one will ever have to go through what I went through with David, it only gets worse and that is why I wanted to have my story told. I pray that someone reading this will stop and think about their life and the choices they make before it is too late, like it was for me.

Leaving on Sunday was good because I just wanted to run and I knew that I wouldn't have to face my parents again for at least another three months and yet inside I wanted to tell them the truth and hug them and ask them to forgive me, but I couldn't do it. As we were going out the door dad handed me an envelope, he told me it was a wedding gift. I took it and smiled and said thank you and yet the guilt I was carrying was unbearable. When we were driving away I opened the envelope and here was this beautiful card with \$500.00 in it wishing me all the happiness that could be and that how much he loved me. He loved me, my dad did and yet I had let both of them down once again and how could I change this situation that I was in now. I saw no way out at all.

BACK IN MY OWN APARTMENT

It was so nice to get back home, even though the drive was long and tiring. For me I felt safe as I didn't have to put any front on for anyone anymore, I could be me once again.

I put the \$500.00 that dad had given me and decided that I wouldn't spend it at all and I went back to work as usual. A few months went by and then mom called and said that her and dad had been talking and that they missed me so much and wanted me to move closer. I told them I would talk to David and see what he said. Now David and I had still been getting along great, both had good jobs and happy but I did miss my family. The more we talked about moving closer the more we both wanted too. The City that we lived in was large and pretty fast pace, so we decided to move within about 1/2 hour from mom and dad's place. We started to pack.

MOVING

We drove to this small City and found this real nice little house, we had been living a lie now for about nine months and all was going good so we decided we could afford to buy a little house. We had saved up some money and with the \$500.00 that dad have given us we could make the down payment on this nice place. We put an offer in on the property which was right across the street from the river and it was a dead end street, so it was real quiet. David was a very social guy and managed to get a job just a block behind us at this factory. He made so much money that he told me not to worry about work just to be his wife and then he would laugh. I know he looked at it all as a joke but I didn't, inside of me it was tugging at my heart that I was living a lie and betraying my great family and God. What could I do to get out of this, I really didn't know and then the thought came to me that on the same day, only a year of course later we get married. I spoke to David and he said sure let's do it. I figured this would end it all and the only lie that would be left was that we got married a year later than anyone thought. Moving closer was easier with this thought in mind that when January 27th came around I would have a husband and not a boyfriend anymore and I wouldn't be living in deception.

THE WEDDING

Well, January 27th came and no preacher was available to marry us. I had been trying and trying for weeks to set something up but for some reason all doors closed in my face. We had our license and I had told my brother and his wife the truth and asked if they would go with us to be the best man and maid of honor. They agreed and now all I needed was a preacher of judge or just anyone who could marry us. I called all over and finally got a United Minister who said if we got there in 1/2 hour he would do it. We were rushing to get out the door when my friend's husband showed up with his three small children all under the age of four years old and asked if I could watch them that my friend had been rushed to the hospital. Wow, talk about doors being shut this was another one that came at me and I didn't know what to do. Of course, I told him and grabbed the three little kids and put them in the car, now we only had fifteen minutes to get to the church office and say "I DO".

I will never forget walking into his office and asking the Pastor if he had a nursery where I could put the kids. His face was priceless as he looked at me in disgust, thinking they were mine and leading me off to this little toy room with two cribs and a bunch of toys for the kids to play with.

Blue jeans and a tank top and three children, this was my wedding day. Here I stood quickly saying the vows as the Pastor had an appointment that he had to keep and I was just another misfit that wanted to get married. He made me feel so cheap but to me it was good that I had got married because now I didn't have to lie anymore to anyone.

David and me, my brother and his wife and the three kids all went to the sub shop and had subs for our wedding dinner. What a day, one I will never forget. Nothing had changed within my heart and yet I felt like my life was a real mess. We had a nice little house that we owned, David had a good job and yet inside of me was not real happy anymore. Now, what do I do, I guess I decided to make the best of married life and started to do some canning, cleaning, crocheting and all that a wife is supposed to do, but

inside of me was empty. The emptiness I felt always was there but most of all I felt like I deserved to feel this way because of what I had done to cause all of this. If I had only told the truth, If I had only not moved in with David, I knew my life would have been so much different.

MOVING AGAIN & A NEW BABY

It was only about six months later and we got a chance to buy this property in the country and it was great. We loved the house, it was so much better than the one we had purchased and so we put in an offer on the condition that our old house sold and it did. Happiness was coming back into my life again and I started packing and looking forward to this new location and new home. David and I still were doing good, we hardly ever fought or even raised our voice to each other. We had started to go to this little church too of which he played the drums and I played piano, so I figured things were starting to really look up for us.

I loved our new home and couldn't wait to start painting and fixing it up to make it home. Little did I know that things were soon to change and the happiness that I felt for this short time would soon be a thing of the past.

The house had lots of ground and you could stand in the back yard and look back 300 feet into a big field beyond that, it was nice and I started to think of planting a garden, something I had always wanted to do.

One day I get this phone call and it was from a child that I had babysat when I was sixteen years old. She was a little three year old at that time and slightly slow in learning. Her mother had worked at a bar and had advertised in the newspaper for a babysitter. I had applied and when I got to the house to find out what hours etc. the mother spoke with me for about five minutes, handed me a little brown paper bag and told the little girl to go with me and said that she would see her every Sunday afternoon from 2 pm to 4 pm and she would give me \$10.00 a week. When I was 16 I really thought that I would be babysitting just a few hours on a Friday night but when the mother handed me the child, I actually said "OK" and walked out the door. We walked down the street and across town to my house and all the time I was thinking to myself that I was really crazy doing this and what would my mom and dad say.

Well, mom when I told the story said that we would look after her and dad didn't say much of anything. Lonnie was really no trouble at all and when

later that day took her to a Sunday School picnic I began to wonder what I had got myself into.. She ran up to the food table and started grabbing the food like an animal and stuffing it in her face, she was really not trained at all and I could tell that she had never had much attention, but we kept her and started to teach her things as she grew. Now she was 15 years old and phoning me. Her mom had committed suicide after taking her from us when she was 12 years old and Child Protective Services had taken her and put her in a group home.

Her phone call was simple and she said “Mom” this is what she called me sometimes growing up “Can I come and live with you?” I was shocked that she even knew how to get hold of me because I had lost track of her.

She went on to say how fat she was and how I would really be upset with her. I asked if her worker was there and spoke with her. She asked me if she could bring Lonnie to visit with me and that they would like to place her with my husband and me. I told them that I had to speak with him first but that they were welcome to bring her by as I really wanted to see her again.

When David got home from work I told him the story of Lonnie over supper that night and he agreed that we should take her. Well the next day she came for her visit. She was fat alright, she was pregnant. Looking back now I think Child Protective Services wanted her out of the way as Lonnie told me it was one of the workers that had got her pregnant.

We took Lonnie and she moved in, it was only a month until she was to deliver and I was called again by her worker asking if David and I would like to adopt her baby. They said it would be good for Lonnie to be around her child and they would back us in the adoption. David and I talked and agreed that we would take the baby. Excitement started to well up inside of me as that month past and I got a room ready for the baby. Lonnie didn't care much and was happy that I was going to be mommy to her and her child. She wanted to go back to school and be with her friends and all seemed to be going great.

I remember thinking the baby was going to be a boy and started to pick boys names out but something happened the night that Lonnie went into

labor. The hospital sent us home and said they would call as soon as she started back into labor, they thought it would be best that Lonnie spend the night so she wouldn't get scared when labor pains started. That night I had this dream. I was sitting in a big chair and all was dark around me.. I remember hearing this voice say "Call the baby Marianne" I kept saying I can't the baby is a boy and three times I heard this voice say "Call the baby Marianne" I said I can't again and once again I heard "You asked me for a name, Call the baby Marianne" and I woke up remembering that I had prayed that night and asked the Lord what name I should call this little boy that was going to be living with me. Just as I awoke, the phone started to ring and I quickly answered it. The nurse at the other end said "Hang on, they are bringing Lonnie down now from surgery" then she proceeded to tell me that I had a lovely little girl. I was shocked as I really thought it was going to be a boy, but I was so happy and I really couldn't believe that my life now was really changing. Here I was a mother to a lovely little girl.

Lonnie came home a few days later and I carried the beautiful little girl that I named Marianne. She was beautiful, full little face and such a cute smile. She was mine and I was so happy. David seemed real happy too and used to spend a lot of time holding her, feeding her and just being a dad. My life was a lot different now and I looked back thinking that how it had changed within the year and all for the good.

GRANNY COMES TO STAY

It wasn't long after Marianne came that I get a phone call from mom saying that my grandmother was getting up in the middle of the night and wandering through the house. Granny was a lovely lady but had just turned 90 years old and because my grandfather had died a few years before had moved in with my mom and dad. I told mom I would visit her the next day and we would talk about it all and see if we couldn't come up with a solution to the problem.

I drove the half hour with Marianne that day and talked with mom, suggesting that Granny be put in the Salvation Army Retirement home in the City where I lived and that I would be close and could take her shopping and visit her a lot. I wanted mom and dad to have peace in their home as they both worked and granny getting up in the middle of the night and wakening them was taking a toll on both of them. Mom agreed and I told her I would take care of everything. I made the appointment and took granny to her new home. She was so happy and smiling at everyone, I knew in my heart that this would be good and as I said my goodbye that day I was quite happy about granny living close to me and knowing now that mom and dad could go on with their life again.

Two days later I get this phone call saying I had to come down right away and pick up my grandmother. You got to be kidding I thought how could they say my grandmother was giving them trouble, she was such a sweet old lady. My grandfather had been a preacher and he was precious, granny was always real quiet but most preacher's wives are that way and now here were they telling me that she had to leave. I went down there as soon as I could to see what was going on and ready to give them a piece of my mind.

When I walked into their office there sat granny smiling. I said hello to her and looked at this man with such a stressed look on his face sitting behind his desk. He started to talk and tell me that she was not what she portrayed to be, that she was trying to run away and that she just had to go. I tried to talk with him but his mind was made up. I stood up and said that I would

take her to live with me. He looked at me and said I better talk to a Doctor before I made any decisions and he called a Doctor into the room. Granny was listening to all this with a big smile on her face and that I didn't quite understand. I knew if I had heard this man say things about me like he was saying to granny I would be in tears and yet she just smiled.

The Doctor came in and told me to have a seat again and started to say that if I was going to look after granny I had to treat her like she was a child or it would never work. He didn't prescribe any medication or tell me what he thought may be wrong with her and told me that I shouldn't take her that she needed special care or give her back to my mom and dad.

Well, I just couldn't do that I loved granny and I loved my mom and dad and I knew that I could handle her better than them so I brought her home. I did however have a long talk with David and had made up my mind that if he didn't want her to live with us that I would try to find another place for her to go. David was kind and agreed that she stay with us. All was settled and I fixed up grannies room. It wasn't long before I realized what the Doctor and the Head of staff was trying to tell me. My grandmother was no longer my grandmother as she acted like a little girl and I didn't understand it at all. Now I know she had alzheimer's disease and her mind just was not right. Granny was my grandmother though and I made up my mind that I would not abandon her no matter what. David stood by my side on this decision and I appreciated him for doing that.

After a few months I found that my neighbor was getting real friendly with me and David, she was a nice girl with very large breasts and he seemed to always be happy when she came over. Wonder why? Lol

Debbie was a good friend and one day asked David if he would take her out for a ride on his motorcycle. David always liked bikes and used to go for rides often, he told her to ask me if it was ok. I told her it would be ok but just for a few blocks as she had brought her two children ages 1 and 3 for me to watch so she could ride. Off they drove and I honestly expected them back within the hour if not sooner. Hours went by and then lunch came and no David or Debbie, I fed the kids and laid them down but of course they screamed for their mother. I was really getting upset and started to

wonder where they had taken off too. David had never done this before and that bothered me too. No phone call nothing and you always think the worst. What if they had been in an accident and he didn't have his I.D. on him. My mind was in a turmoil, now it was going on 5 pm and I hear the purr of his bike. I was mad by this time and went running out to greet them. Well I said a few choice things and I guess what really made me mad was the fact that I had Debbie's kids all day with no diapers, bottle or any food for them. When she jumped off the bike I wanted to hit her but didn't those days were gone and I certainly wasn't going back into my old live style, but what really caught my attention was that she started to cry. Now Sara here is not a dummy and those tears told me a lot of things that had happened. I blasted her and David and told her to get her kids and go home. Her excuse was that they had to stop along the side of the road as her bra strap had broken and she had to fix it, now that was the lamest excuse I had ever heard of but I just gave her her kids and told her to leave. She knew I was mad and hurried off as fast as she could. Then I turned on him and asked what had happened. He started to apologize and said he should have phoned but and but and but .. well I am sure some of you know how that goes. I just walked away and left him talking as he couldn't come up with any good excuse anyway and I certainly wasn't going to waste time arguing with him. Later that night all was back to normal and I didn't even think any more of Debbie, I sometimes wonder why I wasn't more upset with David, maybe I really didn't care that much, I don't know.

The next morning I got up and the phone started to ring. It was in our bedroom and David was still sleeping. I answered it and it was Debbie crying again she started to tell me how much she was in love with David and that she wanted me to know. She said that she would even leave her husband for him if he wanted her. Wow, what had happened the day before, whatever it was it must have been good cause David sure made an impression on her. I told her to wait a minute and I yelled over at David. "She will leave her husband if you want her too and will leave with you, all you got to do is say the word" and then I added "Do you want me to pack your clothes?" He looked up at me with his sleepy eyes and told me to tell her to get lost. Well I told her he wasn't interested and she even cried

louder and I hung up. I asked David what had happened and to be truthful but all he could say was nothing happened and went to make a coffee.

I could see that my life sure had changed in the past year, I was a mother, a caretaker of a slow child and a 90 year old grandmother but most of all now I was married to a man who I believed to have had a fling the day before and what was I going to do but grin and bear it. I saw no other way out.

LIFE GETS BETTER OR DOES IT?

Life went on as usual for the next few months, I did have some problems with granny always telling stories about me being her real mother and when mom visited she would tell her to sit and that me, her mother would make us all a cup of tea. Granny would steal bananas and try to hide them and of course many other things that are a little too gross to mention, but I had made my bed and was going to lay in it at least I thought my life could be much worse than what it was and little did I know that the worse was just around the corner for me.

One day I went for groceries and when I returned home there were five police cars, an ambulance and a truck that said Health Department on it. I thought for sure something drastic had happened. I parked on the road as my driveway was packed, so was my front lawn and run up to the house as fast as I could. My husband came running from the back yard to see also what was going on. Immediately I got questions coming at me left and right from all the officers and the health department “Who do you have locked up in your house? Why do you have an older woman locked in her bedroom?” I certainly was under interrogation and didn’t know why. I told them I cared for my grandmother and she had her own room but it certainly wasn’t locked at any time. I asked them to come into the house and they wouldn’t, they told me to go and get the woman and bring her out, so I did.

Granny came out with me and had this sweet smile on her face as usual. The health department woman asked her what she had for breakfast that morning and granny answered “I had bacon and eggs with toast and jelly” and she continued on. None of this was true, I tried to interrupt but they told me to be quiet. Then they asked granny if she was happy at my place and she said “Of Course”. They thought she was saying this because I was there and she was afraid to speak. My husband told the officers to let me tell the story and for some reason they listened to him. They all looked at me and I started to explain the whole story, as I was talking granny just smiled. We were all standing in this big circle and I knew they did not

believe me, when I went to talk the stopped me again and then the questioning started with granny. I did manage to get a few words in and I said “Granny is not who she seems to be she has problems” but I was quickly shut up. “The officer started talking to granny, “Ok, now how long have you been here?” Two weeks was the reply then granny went around ever one in the circle, “What is your name officer?” with her sweet smile and the office would say his name. As she went around them all she came to me and then said “And YOU, I have never seen you before” that did it, all the attention was on me. Faces all in shock and now I had my chance to speak. I started to tell the about the Salvation Army home and when she came to live with me, the whole time granny standing there with this big grin on her face listening to me talk. When I was finished they all apologized and left. What a day that was. Granny though was not my biggest problem, things were getting worse in my home and yet it really wasn’t that noticeable.

The baby Marianne was now almost six months old and the finale papers were to be signed in a few weeks. David still was a good father to her and always gave her a lot of attention. The worker called to ask if she could come for a visit as there was only two weeks left and Marianne would be ours. I was really excited about this as I loved Marianne very much, she was such a beautiful baby and so healthy and happy.

The worker showed up that morning and we went over the time we were to come and sign the papers and all the legalities that it involved. I had a inner feeling though that something was wrong and I couldn’t shake it. I saw no evidence of anything wrong in the home but my gut just wasn’t right. I mentioned this to the worker as my mom had wanted to buy me a new crib for Marianne and I kept putting her off. The worker assured me that everything was fine and not to worry. As we were talking my husband said he was going to the store and would be back soon. He kissed me on the cheek and left. The worker a few minutes later left telling me she would see me at the signing of the paperwork, smiling she said not to worry that everything was fine.

THE FINAL DAY

The two weeks went by fast and that morning I could not get a babysitter for Marianne so she came with us. It was a day of joy for me as I knew this would be the final episode with Child Welfare and yet deep inside something was wrong. We entered the room, David, Marianne and myself. In the room were three men sitting behind a large table, we were asked to sit down facing them. One man started to talk “Sara, we are so sorry that we have to say this, but you cannot keep Marianne, you can keep her until we find a home that will adopt her”. My nightmare began, I was shocked and told them that I couldn’t do that, and that if she had to go she had to go right then. The worker was there and I handed my baby over to her. My heart was broken and I was sobbing. The worker left the room taking my little Marianne with her. I could not believe what was happening, my life was shattered and I didn’t know why. It was like someone took a gun and shot me in the heart and the whole I felt in my chest I had never felt before in my life. What had just happened? I thought, then all of a sudden my husband jumps up cursing at these men “Why thedid you take our baby? Why are you doing this to my wife? , then he ran out of the room leaving me there with these men and crying uncontrollably, it was terrible. I stood up and the three men stood there, their faces were so sad and I knew something awful was going on but not knowing what. I looked at them and asked “Why did you do this to me, have I done something wrong?” they looked at me and said I had nothing to do with it and apologized over and over. I left the room, but I don’t even remember walking to the car that day, I just wanted to get away from there and go home and get rid of all her baby things.

As I got to the car my husband was furious, I jumped inside and all he did all the way home was swear and say that they had no right to treat me like they had. I couldn’t think straight at all my mind was totally messed up, I just told him to hurry home so we could pack all her things. I don’t remember driving home that day or even going into the house but I do remember this, that when we got inside I asked him to take down the crib for me. He went upstairs and I really thought he was doing that but to my surprise he came down with his bathing suit on and a towel. He looked at

me and said he was going swimming. I asked about the crib and explained I really needed help and he laughed and said “It was your baby, you do it”, and left. I was totally shocked.

Sitting for a few minutes I knew that I needed help so I called my mom and went to pick her up. My poor mom, she was so upset and I knew that she too was shocked at everything that had happened. We didn't talk much on the way back to my house I just drove. I don't even remember packing Marianne's clothes or taking the crib down but I guess I did and then we put everything out in the garage. It was over I lost my baby.

For a few weeks I hardly spoke to David and he didn't say much to me but inside of me I wanted to just get away. I kept hearing Marianne in her jolly jumper at the doorway and hearing her cry in the middle of the night wanting her bottle, but it was over and I had to get myself together and find out what had happened. I called the worker a few days later and asked her but she just said she couldn't tell me.

Mom saw the hurt and later told me that she was real worried about me, so she had spoken to a Doctor who was a friend of the family. He had told mom to take me on a vacation or I would have to go on medication to get over the loss of Marianne.

I got a call from mom saying she had booked a flight for me and her to go to Scotland and to get ready. I told her I wasn't going but she insisted that I go with her for company as she had to go to a relatives wedding there. Deep inside I knew I had to get away and deal with this loss of Marianne.

THE TRIP TO SCOTLAND

The trip to Scotland I don't remember too much of except that I was determined to get to the root of all this that had happened to me. A friend had taken granny and Lonnie for the three weeks that I was going to be gone and that gave me peace of mind concerning them.

My relatives were so happy to see me and yet I didn't care, I started to pray and ask God why He had done this to me. I begged Him over and over to give me some answers and then it came. Sitting on the couch listening to my relatives talking about old times I heard the word "DAVID". What could David have something to do with this? The husband that was so kind, such a great provider and had loved Marianne so much, I must be mistaken but the more I prayed the more it came to me "DAVID".

We arrived back home and I asked mom if I could live with her for a few days just to get my head together and when we got to her house I called David telling him I would not be back for a few days. He started yelling on the phone saying I was his wife and I better come home, but I told him no that I had to find out why they took Marianne from us.

He agreed finally that it would be good for me and it put me at ease. The next few days I started to put the pieces all together. I had in the past dealt with the affair David had had and thought maybe another woman may be in his life again. I decided to call the friend I mentioned with the large breasts. When I asked her about maybe David having an affair she said he would never hurt me like that, but something inside of me said to her "I am going for a divorce and if you do not give me the girls name and address I will use you in the divorce proceedings." She was shocked and said "OK". The next morning I got a call from her giving me the name and address of the woman my husband was seeing, I said thank you to her and have never talked with her since. I immediately called a lawyer to start proceedings.

My heart was heavy but I knew that I wasn't going to play this game anymore, I had lost this child and I had to take action. I was tired of crying, tired of living a lie and just tired of living with a man that I did not love. If

only I had three years before never lied to my mom or the old ladies at church. What a mess I had made of my life, but now it was time for change.

Deep inside I knew that I was going to lose everything but I didn't care I wanted out and wanted to start my life over.

When my husband found out I had filed for divorce, he didn't seem to care that much. He did call and say that he wanted certain furniture that we had just bought new and of course I gave it to him. Nothing mattered to me anymore. I had no emotion left in me and all that was on my mind was getting to the bottom of me losing Marianne.

My birthday was coming around and David called me asking if he could take me out for dinner and just talk. I really thought that he wanted to tell me some things so I said yes and he picked me up. He was nice for about the first five miles of our trip to the restaurant and then he started "You are my wife and I am not going to let you go through with this divorce" he yelled at me. I asked him to take me back home and he turned the car around, by this time I was crying and only wanted away from him.

Why hadn't he acted like this before, I had never seen this rage in him and was so confused but I knew deep inside the real David was coming out. The man I never had met. Inside of me my heart was pounding I wanted home so bad and away from this man. He pulled up at my mom and dad's and I jumped out of the car and ran up the sidewalk and opened the door. As I went to shut the door, I couldn't, his foot was jammed in it. He followed me and was pushing his way inside. I tried so hard to keep him out but he was so much stronger than me. He grabbed me by the throat and tried to choke me, he threw me on the rug and tried to kill me. Gasping for breath I tried to fight back but it was impossible and I could feel me losing the battle for my life. All of a sudden I heard the girl who rented from my mother coming down the stairs screaming. David was shocked that someone was in the house and jumped up, leaving me trying to get my breath, I yelled to her to call the police and David ran for the front door. She didn't call the police she called my brother who came over immediately. David was gone and I was save, but I knew that the feelings I had inside of me were real. He was behind it all, now I just had to prove it.

DIVORCE IS FINAL

I didn't hear from David again after that day, I guess that he was scared that I would charge him. He should have been charged but of course it didn't happen. I went to court and was granted a divorce on the grounds of adultery, and as soon as I got home I called Child Welfare to speak with Marianne's worker. She answered the phone and I knew she was reluctant to talk with me, she said that Marianne had been adopted out into a wonderful family. I started to get upset and told her that I had just got out of court my divorce from David was final and I wanted to know the truth. There was a pause and then she started to talk. "Sara, the day that I visited you two weeks before the day you were to sign the final papers David met me up the street as I was leaving and told me he did not want Marianne and to do whatever it took to have her taken, I had no choice but to take her. I am so sorry". I felt this peace come into my heart, sure the pain of losing her was there but I was at peace. Now I knew that I had nothing to do with it and the whole incident was what David had done. I thanked her very much and hung up the phone.

Now I could move on with my life.

NO LOOKING BACK

Sara ended up giving all the proceeds from David and her home to David. He got all the new furniture that they had purchased and Sara paid for the divorce, but Sara got way more than what David ever got. She got peace of mind knowing that she had finally taken charge of her life and was not doing things out of fear and trying to please others. Sara has never looked back at that marriage and has never regretted divorcing David.

Sara now lives away from many of the things that would remind her of life with David. Her mom and dad have now passed away and many things changed after the day of losing Marianne but she will never forget the three years of torment that she went through.

Sara learned that when you meet a man who you may think to be prince charming that you certainly don't jump into a relationship like she did.

She has learned that her body is not just for anyone to have. Her body, her life is fragile and is something that is to be kept for that special person who will love her unconditionally.

Sara also made up her mind that day that no man would ever lay his hand on her again and she has stuck with that. She was never abused again and lives her life now helping other woman who are going through difficulties in their lives.

LOVE YOURSELF

This chapter of Sara's life was over and she wanted this written to let you know that no matter what you go through in life there is HOPE.

Sara put a lot of her faith in God and asked Him to give her answers that no one else would give her and He did. He was there for her through the lonely nights full of confusion and pain. He brought Sara to a place where she could see that her life was not going anywhere and that she had to do something about it herself with His help.

You may be like Sara. You may be going through a similar situation or maybe it is totally different and yet you feel so lost, so hurt and just don't know which way to turn. There is hope and a light at the end of the tunnel.

Nothing is impossible with God, even though Sara felt alone and like her world had fallen apart it hadn't, it had only begun.

Your life too can begin again and with God's help you can climb those mountains that seem to look impossible to you right now.

You may have lost a child like Sara did and that is devastating to any mother, it might be that your husband is cheating on you and because you do not know what will happen to you, you remain in that situation.

Your husband may beat you and you feel totally disconnected from everyone and to tell someone you feel that no one would believe you. All these things happen but one thing that is sure is that God is there for you. He loves you unconditionally.

Sara thought many times that maybe she had done something to cause her pain, she had lied, and yet she had nothing to do with it.

Sara has since moved on with her life and is now single and happy. She had many trials to face since the time of finding out about Marianne and how David had caused it all and it hasn't been an easy road for her but she always was able to look back and see that she wasn't alone through any of it.

She had a friend that sticks closer than a brother. A friend who never left her side. If you do not know Jesus Christ as your personal Savior I ask you to take a few minutes and say this prayer.

Dear Father,

I come to you in the name of Jesus Christ your Son, I believe that He died on the cross for my sins, I know I am a sinner and I ask you to come into my life and take away my sins. Forgive me Lord.

Make me a new person and have your Holy Spirit live in me and lead me and guide me. Lord I thank you for all that you are going to do in my life and I submit my whole being to you. I give you me and I ask that I may live in heaven with you when I die.

I thank you Lord for shedding your blood at Calvary to pay the price for my eternal salvation,

In the name of Jesus... Amen

If you have said this prayer please contact:

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May God richly bless you in your life and may all your dreams come true..

Rev. Anne J.B. Skinner

Hannah House

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Lev Echad
One Heart, One Purpose

